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Editorial

Spring with its freshness and beauty is with us and summer will have closed upon it when the June issue of Inter Nos reaches its readers. Our Poet Lowell's lines descriptive of June are better appreciated by Easterners than by Californians, who do not shiver through months of snow. He wrote in 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' "Then if ever come perfect days."

To us, June has a dearer significance than its weather charm. It is the month of the Sacred Heart dedicated to Our Lord through the symbol and organ of His love for all mankind. What can we do, to show some return for this Love? What are we resolved to do?

An item of interest to our past, present and prospective students will be the announcement of a legacy of \$15,000.00 granted to Mount Saint Mary's by the late Harriet Thorne-Rider. Its purpose is the founding of a Student Loan Fund for our college. The Countess with her husband Count Frederick Thorne-Rider formerly made their home in Bel Air on Perugia Way. This street was named in honor of a catholic university in Perugia, endowed by the Thorne-Riders. The Count now makes his home in Sheridan, Wyoming. The rules governing the loan fund will be publicized later after details have been worked out, by the college administration.

Let us remember these benefactors in our prayers.

Sister Mary Dolorosa

Southern Gentleman

By Sheila Crampton

Sunday, February, 1865.

Sherman is coming! We have given up hope that anything can stop him; we can only sit and wait for the inevitable. Tomorrow, the next day or the day after that, he will be upon us. The very certainty makes us unafraid. We are all strangely calm!

Cousin Lucy left today to continue her journey to Richmond. She begged us to go with her but Mamma refuses to leave the plantation and I refuse to leave Mamma. However, we did send Johnny, much against his will.

She (Cousin Lucy) has lost everything in this war. Her husband, her home, her property, including her servants. They went to the Yankees taking everything they could carry with them! Only faithful old Louis remains, and he is nearly ninety; more of a burden than a blessing.

Some of our own field hands have run away and those who remain are insolent and refuse to work. The house servants so far have all stayed on and do their work about as well as normal. They could all leave and we couldn't stop them. They know it; so we have no reason to fear them.

Sally Carter lifted the scratching pen from the note book. Tapping it lightly against her chin she read the diary passage over again. It had a brave sound; but it wasn't true. She *was* afraid and perhaps more of the servants than of the Yankees!

Her silk skirts rustled as Sally walked to the window. The rain had stopped clattering against the pane and she could see the long drenched acres of rice. The sun sparkling raindrops on the cabin roofs in the "Quarters" seemed almost insulting.

A slight noise in the doorway made her jump and whirl to face a tall, powerful young Negro.

"O, Moss."

His teeth gleamed white in contrast to his coal-black skin, but there was no smile in his eyes.

"You seem rather nervous, Miss Sally. Are you afraid of something?" His voice was soft, low and cultured with only the faintest trace of his native dialect. In combination with his dark face and servant's livery this disconcerted Sally as it always had and she remained silent.

"I don't blame you," continued Moss. "If I were you I would be afraid. 'Lincoln's soljers' are coming; shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom. And it's a very potent cry. It does strange things to the darkies. Makes them restless, inscrutable, terrifying. Your country is dying; your whole way of life is falling to pieces around you and you are helpless. Your grandfathers sowed the whirlwind; you must reap it."

Sally stared at him fascinated, pale and terrified but proud and unyielding. Moss looked back at her and his eyes softened a little.

"Your horse is saddled, Miss Sally, if you're going for your usual ride."

Sally thought she detected a dare in his tone and it stung her.

"Yes, thank you. I'll be down in a moment."

Moss bowed himself out gracefully, more like a guest than a servant. Sally sat down at the desk once more, picked up the pen and added at the end of the previous passage.

Moss is still here. Three times he has tried to run away. But now that he has the opportunity he stays. Why? I am more afraid of him than of all the other servants combined and the Yankees too!

There were two horses saddled, Sally noted. It gave her a sense of relief. With Young Jules behind her she would be safe; you could depend on him, who had been Dan's comrade as well as servant; had followed him to war and had brought his body back. But she saw only Moss, who helped her mount. Then he mounted the other horse himself.

"Where's Jules?" Sally asked feeling a sudden stab of fear.

"Gone."

"Gone where?" Moss gave no answer; there was no need for one. Sally rode in silence for a time feeling, somehow, dizzy. Young Jules had run away! Impossible! It was Moss who should have run away! Why was he still here? She turned on him suddenly.

"Why . . ." She broke off.

"Maybe he wanted to be free," answered Moss, misunderstanding.

"Don't you want to be free?" asked Sally jerkingly.

"I am free."

They finished the ride in silence.

The next few days were ones of mounting tension as Sherman drew inexorably closer. Sally spent much of her time writing in her diary; it offered some relief to pent up emotions. On Wednesday she sat by her window and scribbled.

The Yankees are less than a day away! Mr. Ryan, the Gimmibel's overseer, brought us the news this afternoon. He urged us to flee while we still have time. But Mamma stoutly refuses. If they burn White Oaks they'll have to burn her in it, she says, and means it. Mr. Ryan is leaving tonight. He says, "In another day there won't be anything left for an overseer to over see."

This whole area is full of fugitives, white ones going north—black ones south. All our field hands have joined the latter, and only Mammy and Old Mat remain of the house staff. Even Moss has left at last! For which I would be sincerely thankful if he had not taken our horses with him! I never thought he would steal. But blood will tell! He was only a darkie after all, in spite of his fine speech and fancy manners. He always wanted to be better than his race, but the horses were too much. Poor Moss, he would have been a great tribal chieftain, but a Southern Gentleman was beyond him.

Mammy just brought me some "Confederate Coffee," made of hazel nuts I believe. She is the truest old soul, no matter what happens we can depend on her. I really believe she would die for any one of us! She and Old Mat have been at White Oaks since Grandfather built it and love it as well as any of us; and are as much a part of the family.

It's odd sitting here watching the sun go down and knowing that before I see another the Yankees will have been here and all the things we fear, known or unknown, will have happened. I ought

to be terrified, but I'm not. A week ago I wanted to leave, but not any more. Now I am as determined as Mamma to stay at White Oaks and show the Yankee barbarians how a Southern Lady acts in the face of disaster.

The next morning Sally was up with the first red rays of the sun. She helped Mammy throw together a hasty breakfast. Later she returned to her room.

Her exact purpose she did not know. She picked up her diary, and set it down again. She couldn't write now; her mind wouldn't work coherently enough for that. She walked to the closet and gazed at the rows of worn garments; only the ballgowns still looked presentable. Her eye fell on one shimmering blue dress that appeared almost new. It was the loveliest dress she had ever owned, and she had worn it on the loveliest night of her life. Four eternities ago at the farewell ball before the boys went to Virginia. She had been eighteen and the world was full of music and laughter, bright dreams and high hopes. The boys had been so brave and gay and gallant in their sashes and tailored uniforms. John Luther had been the bravest and gayest of all and before the night was over Sally believed herself engaged to him. But he had married another girl, in Richmond. And the first dream died. Now all of them were dead.

Sally reached out for the blue dress and put it on, almost unconsciously. She stopped before the mirror before going down and smiled wryly at the gown.

"You were there at the birth of the Confederacy; you might just as well see it die too."

She went down to join her mother in the parlor and wait. The hours passed with painful slowness and Sally's calmness of the night before began to evaporate. Nervous fear tinged with panic took its place. For courage and comfort she stayed close to her mother who sat calmly knitting, her face grim and set. Old Mat had gone to stand at the plantation gate, his eyes on the road down which he expected the Yankees. Mammy had disappeared into the kitchen.

The waiting became unbearable and Sally stood up and walked about the room looking at each familiar thing and wondering which of them the Yankees would steal and destroy. Suddenly she asked,

"Mamma, did you remember to have Mat bury our silver?"

"Of course." Mrs. Carter nodded briefly.

Sally wandered into the kitchen to talk with Mammy, but did not see her. She wondered, idly, where Mammy could have gone and, because it gave her something to do, went in search of her. Study, library, dining room, pantry, upstairs and down, and found her eventually in the most logical place, the servants' quarters.

"What are you staying here for? We'll be safer if we all stay together," Sally tried to smile.

Mammy started and looked at her most peculiarly. And Sally noticed, suddenly, the old carpet bag, half-stuffed with Mammy's belongings.

"What are you doing?" Sally gasped.

"I'se goin' away Mis' Sally. With the Yankees when they come."

"Why? Haven't we always been good to you?"

"O yes. You been mighty good to me. But now I'se free and I wants to feel it. I'se stayed as long as you needed me."

Sally stared at her blindly, silently. It was so impossible! What did it matter if the South lost the war; everything for which they had fought was already dead. She returned to the parlor and told her mother who remained calm, as if she no longer possessed emotions.

Another eternity seemed to pass before Old Mat appeared in the doorway, his face gray with terror and his eyes white balls.

"They're comin'," he gasped.

Sally jumped and rushed to the porch, Old Mat and her mother followed. A half-dozen lean young men, in dirty uniforms, their horses decorated with plunder of every sort, rode up.—Sherman's dread bums.

One of the young men, who wore a sergeant's stripes, rode close to the veranda and bowed mockingly.

"I see you've stayed to welcome us," he grinned. "That's mighty nice of you. But I reckon it's just your famed Southern Hospitality."

"I can assure you, sir, we don't offer hospitality to thieves and murderers," snapped Mrs. Carter coldly.

"Well now, those are pretty strong words, Ma'am," grinned the sergeant. "We didn't start this war, you Caroliners did, and we reckon it's about time you got a taste of what you cooked up."

They were interrupted by two young soldiers whooping gaily, their hands full of White Oak silver. "Hey, Sarge! Look at it all! They got enough to serve a king's court."

"Where did you get it?" the sergeant asked indifferently.

"The old nigger showed it to us."

"Mat!" gasped Sally.

The Yankee sergeant looked at her sharply, puzzled by her expression. She turned away and went back into the house. She sat down at the piano but did not play.

She could hear her mother's voice, shrill against the masculine rumble. "You'll set foot in this house only when I'm dead!" The masculine rumble grew louder and above it Sally heard a door slam in the back. They've tricked us, she thought, as she turned to face the intruder. But it was not a Yankee! A tall, powerful negro, rifle crooked in his arm, faced Sally.

"Moss!" she cried in but half-conscious relief.

The negro looked at her briefly, then he moved to the front door where Mrs. Carter stood, her hands on either side of it to brace herself, blocking the Yankee soldiers, who stood uncertainly, arguing with her and among themselves. Moss pushed himself in front of her gently and leveled his rifle at the sergeant.

"Get out," he said softly and slowly.

The Yankees stared at him dumbfounded.

"What's wrong with you, nigger?" grunted the Sergeant, "We're your friends. We're here to free you!"

"Get out," repeated Moss. "I'll give you ten seconds. One. Two. Three.—

"Are you crazy nigger!"

"Four, five, six,—" Moss stood immobile, only a muscle in his jaw twitching convulsively.

"Seven, eight, nine—" he pulled back the hammer. The Yankees began to move backwards, more in awe of the calmness of the black giant than in fear of the gun.

"Ten—" breathed Moss gently when they were gone. His hands relaxed and the rifle muzzle dropped floorwards. He turned, then, to face the two women, who stared at him, eyes wide with relief.

"Go back into the house, both of you," Moss ordered; they obeyed. Moss swung himself off the porch and strode toward the "quarters" from which small curls of smoke already arose.

Within the house Sally and her mother looked at each other dazedly. Mrs. Carter walked to the huge French window and gazed unseeingly at the land that was hers. She watched spirals of smoke from the quarters which first became blacker then faded.

"Moss. Of all our servants," murmured Sally breaking the silence. "I thought he would be the first to flee, not the last to remain faithful. I don't understand it."

Mrs. Carter remained silent, standing at the window looking out across the slave quarters.

Sally continued after a moment, "I wonder what he did with our horses."

"If I were kind I would tell you I had stolen them," spoke a voice from the doorway, and the two women whirled to face the too silent negro. "But I'm not kind," he continued, "the horses are safely hidden in the swamp until the Yankees are gone."

"What do you mean," asked Sally. "If you were kind you would tell us you stole them."

"Do you really wonder?" he asked gently. "Yes, I guess you do and if I explained you wouldn't understand. You are amazed that I remained "faithful" but no one else in the world would think it odd. What's more, deep in your heart, you didn't really want me to be faithful. You wanted me to run away, to steal your horse, burn your barns, insult you. That's partly why I did none of them! I tried three times to run away so that I could be free. But if I had run away now I wouldn't have been free. By staying I am more than free: I am equal!" Moss shouted the last words, his fists clenched and his black eyes balls of fire. Sally stared at him frightened and awed by this sudden emotional outburst.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"What I said," he answered, controlling himself with invisible effort. He abruptly left the room.

Sunday, February....., 1865.

The Yankees are gone at last, thank God! Moss brought back our horses today, they look much the worse for their ordeal, poor beasts. Moss, himself, has been a god-send. He not only protected

us himself but he talked a Yankee officer into setting up a guard around our home!

But still I am afraid of him. He is such an unfathomable person. And so insolent! Last night when mother thanked him and offered him one of the horses as reward for his faithful service, he refused it. He said that "no gentleman would accept a reward for protecting helpless ladies." Gentleman! Really I don't understand him and I doubt that I ever will.

The weather is quite delightful today for February—.

Two Brothers

By Mary Catherine O'Connor

The cold gold sun ran its finger through New York's cities canyons. It threw slivers of rays into apartment D of Gramercy Arms on Quincy Street. Tattered rose patterned paper covered the bedroom wall, while a new red throw rug lay on the floor. Against one wall stood a dark grained highboy and a staunch wooden chair. Underneath the mediumsized window stood the heads of two beds that extended their longness awkwardly into the middle of the room. The brothers Kevin and Sean were sleeping peacefully when a horrible racket resembling the noon whistle in a boiler factory, erupted under Kevin's bed. Kevin rolled over until he was hanging half way out of the bed, his bright red hair bobbing near the floor. Groping, his hand found the alarm clock and slapped it off. Sean pulled his head out from beneath the pillows where he had stuck it at the first rumble of the clock. His black curly hair stood out at odd angles.

"Kevin, why in the name of heaven can't you put that machine where you can find it without cracking your skull?"

Kevin sitting on the edge of his bed rubbed his heavy lashed blue eyes and yawned, "If I put it where I could find it easy I'd never wake up. Aren't you getting up, Sean? You still have to study about the Civil War period."

"Oh, I'll learn it on my lunch hour. Don't worry."

"What will Maureen think if you fail?"

"I won't. For Pete's sake, don't be worrying."

Kevin pulled his clothes from the highboy. "Why did I get up so early? I must have something to do!" Dressing, he let his half asleep mind run around this problem. His eyes creased at the corners; he grinned to himself and stretched his long skinny legs across the living room into their cubby-hole of a kitchen. All the ingredients for the Root Beer were lying where he had left them on the kitchen table. He mixed them into a yellow bowl. The quiet, careful loving way he handled them might have indicated that he was performing an old Celtic ritual. His mind wandered to a little restaurant on Salem Street where a certain Maureen Whalen worked as a waitress. She's pretty, almost beautiful except for her short upturned nose. The tip of her head just comes up to my shoulder. If she can get out of work she'll be at the court this afternoon to hear Sean and

she promised to come to our party tonight. He jerked himself away from his pleasant dreams and poured the ingredients into a bottle to let them ferment. The oversized clock in the living room struck 7:30. Kevin wrapped a tie around his neck, threw on his coat and left. His first stop was Apartment A of the Gramercy Arms. There lived Mrs. O'Donnell, a fifty year old widow who had been Sean's mainstay when he first came over from the old country—a green horn of twenty years. Now she was serving in the same position for Kevin.

"Kevin, come in! Come in, Kevin. My, but you're lookin' so nice today; somebody is sure to hire you."

Kevin stepped over the threshold. "God bless all here." He flinched. This was not the thing that was said in America.

"Bless your heart, Kevin. It's been a long time since I've heard that," said Mrs. O'Donnell leading him by the hand to a chair.

"It seems like a very long time since I heard it, too, Mrs. O'Donnell."

"Aw, but sure, Kevin, you're just over three months."

"More like three years it seems—with no job at all."

"Don't be worryin' yourself, Kevin, Sean was two months over before he found anything and jobs were more plentiful seven years ago," answered Mrs. O'Donnell as she backed her way out to the kitchen.

Kevin bit his lip and nodded. "Well, I guess I'd better be starting if I'm going to find anything."

Mrs. O'Donnell bounded out of the kitchen, "And just where do you think you're goin'. What did you come down here for if not to eat?"

Kevin flushed and tried to clear his intention in unclear tones. "Well, Mrs. O'Donnell, Mrs. O'Donnell I wouldn't want you to be bothering yourself about me."

"Quit your stammering," said Mrs. O'Donnell. "I know you boys. Never anything decent to eat. Just that crazy stuff you fix for yourselves."

"But I don't want to make you fuss, Mrs. O'Donnell."

"Never you mind, the kettle is already boiled. Take a seat and quit your yammering."

Kevin settled back into his chair a little uncertainly, his ears twitching. "Does Sean know his studies?" queried Mrs. O'Donnell from the kitchen.

"Well, I asked him all the questions last night and he knew them backward and forwards except for the Civil War. He said he would study that on his lunch hour," replied Kevin in a louder tone than his usual one to make sure his message would reach the kitchen.

"That's good, very good," called Mrs. O'Donnell. "Kevin why don't you come in here so we don't have to yell at each other?"

He picked himself up and moved into the kitchen. The kitchen chair was a little uncertain about accepting his weight but it held firm. "You're going to be there aren't you?" asked Kevin.

"Oh sure," said Mrs. O'Donnell, "why don't you come by for me

about 4:30 and we can catch the same trolley down. But no matter who's there or not there you don't have to worry about your brother. Even if he forgets the answers he'll do all right. I'll always remember the day old Father Ryan took him for the Spanish Count who was to give a talk to our Communion Society. Sean played along with him. When he got up on the dais to give the speech he brought the house down with his serious face and Irish brogue."

Kevin nodded his head. It was true. Sean was always able to handle anything.

Mrs. O'Donnell placed her good hot tea, toast and eggs in front of him. The food seemed to act as ballast for his weak frame of mind. He took courage to ask, "Do you think Maureen will be at the judge's court this afternoon?"

"She'll be there, no doubt, with her arm through yours," laughed Mrs. O'Donnell as she rolled the dough for some cookies.

Kevin mulled over his last bite of toast. He wanted to ask something about Maureen and Sean but he couldn't quite get it out, so he smiled, "That was real honest Irish cookin', thanks Mrs. O'Donnell."

"Second only to a certain little restaurant on Salem Street, eh, Kevin?" she questioned laughing.

Suddenly she was upon him, flapping her apron. "Be off with you. It's almost 8:30 and my day's cleanin' lies untouched. And good luck to you," she called out after him just before he closed the door into the street. The day was sunny, but cold. Kevin shoved his hands into his pockets. He had the same luck that morning as usual.

"Who told you to come here looking for a job. I swear every Tom, Dick, and Harry wants to clerk in this store. Well, you can go along. We've got more than we can get any good use out of now."

"Sorry, bud. You haven't got the training we want. It would take too long to show you how to run these presses."

"You, be a bartender? Don't be funny, kid."

That last was a little more promising; "Sorry, son. don't need a driver now. Stop in, in a month. That's when we put the extra buses on for the Christmas rush."

The Salem Street restaurant was almost empty. When Kevin walked in Sean was sitting on a stool near the middle of the counter kidding Maureen.

"Can't you ask the manager to put the heat on in this place. Don't you see that my brother is cold not to mention my poor frost-bitten foot that's getting numb as a piece of wood."

"Indeed I think it's very like your heart," answered Maureen.

Sean ducked his head into his coat in shame but his twinkling eyes made it a mock. Kevin smiled at her bashfully.

She looked at them, "May I take your orders please, gentlemen?"

"Fish and chips," Kevin said.

"Oh, you limey," was Sean's immediate retort.

"Corn beef and cabbage," Sean ordered.

Maureen grinned a little.

"You know darn well that I ordered it because it was the cheapest. Why did you try to make me look like an idiot?" Kevin whispered.

"All's fair in love and war," Sean answered.

"What in the name of heaven do you mean, Sean?"

"Kevin, my fine fellow I think that Miss Whalen is getting to like you too much."

"That makes two of us she's fallen for. Anyway, as far as I'm concerned she's all yours."

"Oh, but Kevin, it's no fun winning by default." Sean laughed as he said this but he noticed the hurt look on his brother's face.

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of Maureen Whalen with their orders. She plunked each of them down with a flourish like saying, "I don't really care what either of you think."

Kevin chose this moment to ask about the Root Beer he had concocted.

Sean answered, "It was doing fine when I left the rooms."

Maureen looked properly impressed but Kevin couldn't be sure. Maybe she was just laughing at him after all.

As Sean handed the money to Maureen she said, "I'll be seeing you this afternoon." He winked and tilted the hat on his head. Sean then whistled on his way to his job with not a thought for the questions on the Civil War.

Kevin walked slowly back to the apartment. He stretched out on the floor in the living room and read *Lovely is the Lee* in comfort until a loud explosion was heard in the kitchen. Kevin rolled over. He knew what it was and he didn't relish cleaning it up. Then his eyes glanced across at the clock. My gosh 4:00 and I'm supposed to collect Mrs. O'Donnell at 4:30 to get to the judge's court on time.

He bounded into the kitchen, grabbed a rag and started mopping up, murmuring a little as he slipped on patches of Root Beer, I'll never be able to buy any now. I don't have the time. I'll get it on the way back. Just at 4:30 he called for Mrs. O'Donnell.

* * * * *

At five o'clock Mrs. O'Donnell, Maureen Whalen, Kevin and Sean met outside District Court 21. The sun glinting off the droplets of moisture gathered on its old stone wall gave the building a fairy castle aura. They entered through a propped open door and then slowly walked into the judge's small chambers. There were about a score of people present including the judge, his clerk and a couple of officious looking dignitaries who were grouped around a large oaken desk with a high polish on it. Behind the desk a large American flag firmly planted in its stand, stood at attention. Kevin fingered his new tie nervously and hung back. Mrs. O'Donnell, with her robin-red hat fixed cockily on her hair, planted a heavy hand in the middle of Sean's back and propelled him through the people. Maureen, who as far as her boss was concerned was in attendance at her aunt's

funeral, tread close behind. The judge ahemed deep down in his throat, the people swallowed words and all became silent.

The clerk stood up and asked, Will all those to be examined please step forward. Sean and eight others stepped up. Some were old, others young—younger than Sean. Looking at the judge Sean saw that he was a man not very far progressed on the wrong side of forty. He asked questions routinely and received routine answers. They did not either please or displease him.

Sean's turn came. Like all the others he stepped to the side of the desk and faced around so that he was looking at one side of the judge's hand.

"Who killed Abraham Lincoln?"

Oh, the Civil War part. Why didn't I study it? Here we go, thought Sean.

After waiting a few seconds for the answer, the judge turned his head to see who the tongue tied individual was.

Looking straight into his eyes Sean solemnly gave his answer, "The English."

Mrs. O'Donnell gasped quietly. Maureen bit her fingernail. All waited fearfully.

The judge looked down at his papers and then up at Sean. He tried to keep his face straight but was unsuccessful. The chuckle started deep in his throat and spread to his features.

The other people in the room relaxed, then they grinned a little. Sean winked at Maureen, but Maureen missed it for she was watching Kevin out of the corner of her eye.

"Your examination is ended," the clerk informed Sean.

When all the oral examinations were finished the judge arose and stated solemnly. "You have all passed your tests, if you will form a line at the left side of this table you will receive your papers from the court clerk." Sean was near the first in line. When his turn came, he gave the clerk his name, filled in the required form, and received his citizenship papers.

He found Mrs. O'Donnell, Maureen and Kevin waiting for him at the door. Kevin clapped him on the back. Mrs. O'Donnell shook his hand and Maureen kissed him on the cheek.

They had to run to catch the trolley. It was so old and creaky that it made too much noise for the passengers to speak. Kevin kept trying to tell Sean that he would get off a street earlier so that he could buy some Root Beer to replace the blown-up bottle. However, Sean didn't hear him and when he tried to get up, Sean pulled him down yelling, "It isn't our street yet."

When they reached the apartment, Sean went directly into the kitchen. "Where's the Root Beer?"

"It's blown up, Sean. That's what I was trying to tell you on the trolley. Soon as I get this heater going, I'll run down to the store and get some."

Mrs. O'Donnell burst out laughing. "Aw, don't be worryin' boys, there's plenty of food in my place."

Sean, looking chagrined followed her out the door, extending his hand behind him for Maureen to grasp. But she was not there. She was in the kitchen watching Kevin who was standing on a chair reaching into the third shelf of the cabinet.

"Kevin, you're looking for a job aren't you?"

"Yes, sort of," Kevin mumbled low as he stuck his head into the cabinet. He hadn't wanted her to know.

"Well, when I was talking to my boss today about getting out of work, he mentioned that he wanted to train someone to keep all our books. In fact, he said he would be partial to an Irish boy."

Kevin's head came out of the cabinet. "Shall I go to see him tomorrow morning?"

"I would," answered Maureen. Then she moved close to the chair to take the cake he was handing down. "Maybe if I see more of you I can teach you how to make Root Beer that doesn't blow up."

Bright Lei

By Yvonne M. Gomez

The shaggy grey branch almost snapped as Nani plucked the orange plumeria blossoms from it. Bright orange blossoms to make a lei for Johnny.

Johnny is coming home today. *Aloha*, Johnny, *aloha*. I'll string a lei for you with flowers from the tree you planted. A very bright lei of your *orange* blossoms. (And because the sun was golden shiny, Nani's hazel eyes watered.)

Blossoms were rainbow arcs as they dropped into the galvanized pan at Nani's feet. The pan was nearly filled now. Nani picked it up and lightly balanced it against her left hip. A gaily printed *aloha* shirt hung loosely over red pedal-pushers and hid the soft brown grace of her body. She walked slowly in rhythm with her rambling thoughts. (Our first boy—I wonder if his eyes will be dark like Johnny's—Johnny's eyes)—Oh, I hope . . . Nani gasped and turned quickly toward the white frame house. Her stiff slippers traced dirt lines upon the green grass shimmering in the sunshine. The earth was hot with sun.

The stairs to the back door flaked tan paint as Nani scraped her feet over them. Johnny had repapered the roof during his last furlough. There was never enough time to paint the house. Nani shook off her slippers and pushed open the screen door.

Holding the door ajar she paused and took a deep breath. The air was good with the aroma of Hawaiian food. On the gas stove ti-leaf-wrapped pork and butterfish steamed in an aluminum roaster. A casserole of white coconut pudding cooled on the window sill.

Near the sink a large warm woman poured water from a glass pitcher into a calabash of reddish grey *poi*. With her right hand

Mrs. Kukona carefully folded the water into the *poi*. She smiled thinking of Johnny and Nani.

That Johnny, so handy to have around the house, especially since Papa Kukona died. Always hammering, scraping and painting. . . . And the yard. The plumerias bloomed as though to please him. Johnny, strongly gentle with a twinkle in his eyes—with a twinkle in his eyes. She frowned and bit her lip.

The banging of the screen door interrupted her thoughts. Quickly smiling again, she looked up at Nani. Nani set the pan on a squat stool.

"Enough flowers already, Nani?"

"I think so, Mama." Nani wound some *poi* around her finger and put it into her mouth. "The *poi* is thin enough. I'll help you to strain it."

"Good. Please hand me the strainer."

The two women spread the white cheesecloth tautly across the mouth of an empty calabash.

Mrs. Kukona tilted the full calabash over the empty one. The *poi* sagged through the cloth. With one hand she gathered the fringes of the cloth together and with the other squeezed the remaining *poi* through the cloth.

"Mama, did the mailman come yet?"

"No honey," Mrs. Kukona's voice was hesitant. "Nani," she paused and looked at her daughter, "there may not be any letter. Remember, Johnny said in his last that they probably wouldn't be sure until yesterday. Since he is flying home today, he may not have written."

Nani started at the sound of an approaching motorcycle.

"The mailman! I'll get it!" Nani called as she ran toward the parlor.

She flung open the front door and watched the mailman pull out from her neighbor's drive way. With a mocking putt-putt, the motorcycle coughed.

Nani carefully shut the door—very carefully. Still grasping the tarnished knob, she swayed slightly and pressed her face upon the doorjamb.

"Good God—I can't take it. I have to know before I see him. Holy Mary have pity on me," she whispered desperately.

"Nani, Nani? Please come here," the voice from the kitchen was concerned.

"Yes, Mama, coming," Nani turned and rushed into the warm kitchen. Multiflowered curtains were devils' tails swirling in the sun-flooded room.

"Sit down—sit down, honey-girl. Are you all right?"

"I'm okay Mama," Nani's voice trembled and she nervously twisted the hem of her shirt around her right forefinger. "I wanted that letter so badly."

"We wait for our men to come home. We wait to bear their sons and then the sons go from us. But Nani," she said firmly, "we must wait with tenderness and hope. Women are the patience of love."

Briskly turning on the faucet, Mrs. Kukona dropped the *poi-strainer* into the sink and began to rub her hands and arms. "I'll get you a glass of guava juice as soon as I wash my hands."

Nani was gazing out the large window at the Waikiki beach area. Beachboys upon their slick surfboards were riding the high crested surf. Outrigger canoes and striped-sailed catamarans swooped like extravagant fins over the blue, white-spumed waves. On the broiling yellow sand sprawled tourists varying shades of pink and brown. Like pastel floaters, hotels and clubs bobbed up behind the sunbathers. At the extreme right of the coastline, Diamond Head extended a crenalated arm into the sea—Diamond Head the majestically mellow landmark cheapened by garish travel posters.

The rolling waters recalled to Nani how Johnny had taught her to surf. They would lie face down upon the board—Nani first and Johnny behind her. Together they would paddle out to the deep blue where the ocean breaks into aquamarine froth. Resting a moment, Johnny would lay a glistening arm across Nani's back and they would look back at the island—the hills purple with violet valleys and the sand a golden lei about the Pacific jewel. Johnny would say, How beautiful Hawaii is *kuuipo*—how beautiful."

"Here's the juice, Nani. Better drink it while it's cold. How about a slice of sweetbread and poha jam?"

Nani smiled. "I'm two pounds overweight. Johnny may not like me fat."

"Two pounds overweight!" chuckled Mrs. Kukona as she handed Nani the bread. "As if two pounds here and there would make any difference to Johnny."

Nani alternately bit into the bread and licked the seedy jam as it oozed over the thick crust.

"Mama, you are the champion sweetbread maker." Nani paused, then slyly added, "also the champion lei maker."

Mrs. Kukona glanced at the red octagonal clock on the wall. "Speaking of leis, it's getting late young lady. We have a plane to meet this afternoon."

Nani pulled a paper napkin from a half-opened drawer. "Please help me pinch off the plumeria ends; that will save time. It takes me so long to make a really nice lei."

"I should let you make that lei all by yourself," Mrs. Kukona teased. "If Johnny were my husband, I wouldn't let another woman even touch a lei for him."

"Oh Mama, really," blushed Nani. "Come, let's start. I'm finished with my snack." She crumpled the napkin, stood up and brushed the yellow crumbs from her pedal-pushers. "It's so warm in here with the *laulaus* steaming on the stove. Shall we sit in the back yard?"

"Get the *lauhala* mat from the closet and spread it under the mango tree. Take the flowers with you. I'll bring the needle and thread."

Black and yellow fruitflies buzzed about the tree under which Nani unrolled the woven mat.

"I thought that the last wind storm would blow off all the blossoms," Mrs. Kukona sat down heavily on the mat. "I'll pinch off the plumeria stems while you thread the needle for me."

"Then you will string the lei?" Nani asked happily. "Johnny says that no one can make a double plumeria lei like you."

"Flattery," laughed Mrs. Kukona. "Just be grateful that there are enough orange plumerias in bloom. Remember how Johnny loves this color? Not pink, or white, or maroon, or yellow—just this flame orange."

Mother and daughter continued their fragrant work, the older woman arranging the blossoms in a circle with the stems facing inward upon a thin six inch wire which served as a needle. As the needle grew heavy, Mrs. Kukona pushed the flowers down to the end of the long thread.

"Mama!" Nani jumped up, scattering the flowers. "I'm not going to the airport."

"Nani, Nani!" Mrs. Kukona reached for her daughter and held the girl's shoulders. "What are you saying?"

"It was bad enough when the first letter came," Nani sobbed. "But then to raise my hopes with this operation!"

"Quiet baby, quiet," soothed Mrs. Kukona as she put her arms around Nani.

"I have to know before I see him," Nani was now crying softly.

Mrs. Kukona pushed Nani away and picked up the half-finished lei. She chose a perfect blossom, placed it on the needle and continued to string the lei.

"What am I going to do?" Nani pleaded.

"Nani," Mrs. Kukona put down the lei and raised her daughter's face. The sunlight streamed through the mango leaves. "You ask my advice. I say only one thing. You are no longer a child to chase sand crabs along the beach. You're a woman—a wife—be strong for your man."

Heat vapors steamed from the macadam runway. Men in short-sleeved shirts, women in cotton sundresses and sack-shaped *muumius* massed against the wire fence and held their leis high not to crush them. Children tugged at parents and scaled the meshed partition.

The air transport was a silver circle spiralling down—close—now an oncoming line—slowing—stopping. Uniformed men walked down the ramp—leis placed around their necks—tears and kisses.

"Johnny, Johnny . . . my Johnny!"

"Oh Nani, *kuiipo!*"

With an arm about Nani, Johnny walked toward the terminal. Johnny lifted the lei to his face, inhaled the flower perfume.

"Fragrant plumerias, Nani. . . . Are they orange?"

One Saturday

By Florence Okihara

It was Saturday. I stretched lazily and looked out the window. Another beautiful Hawaiian day. "Rain and sunshine go together, this is real Hawaiian weather." I chanted this verse as I watched the raindrops play tag from branch to branch and from leaf to leaf. Some even gathered together for a conference in a big leaf of the breadfruit tree. I heard Father driving away to the ranch. Seven thirty, I must get up. I dressed hurriedly and went down to the kitchen. Smells of good hot guava syrup greeted me as I opened the door.

Mother said, "Good morning, Tae," and asked me what I was going to do today. She set a plate of pancakes before me.

"I am going to play natives in the jungle with Sumichan because she is ten years old today," I replied in the same sing song chant that I had been singing to myself all morning. Mother smiled, "And Joe King? Didn't he frighten you at the stable before?" I said, "Ahh, Joe King; who's afraid of him? We could hide behind brother silo." I sat down and poured the hot guava syrup over the pancakes, but I wasn't hungry. I rose from the table and ran before Mother could call me back. I was delayed by stepping on some burrs in my path and by having to pull one that stuck in my little toe. "Pupule," I said. "Why doesn't Sud take care of the yard?" Passing the hedge, I picked some purple vanda orchids. No smell. I threw a blossom into the pond and watched the rings grow bigger and bigger until they disappeared. Some of the goldfish were curious and swam up to taste the stem. I guess they didn't like it and swam away. But I like the taste of it—maybe a little bitter.

The rain had stopped by this time and the sun was shining again. My barefeet padded over the soft dirt. I think I'll go wading through the stream instead of crossing over the bridge. As I turned the corner, I saw Mrs. Iwasaki and her daughter, Puanani, all dressed up. Pua pretended that she didn't see me but Mrs. Iwasaki wanted to know where I was going. "I'm going over to my best friend's house to play," I said, holding my head up. Pua had disappeared and she returned wearing a yellow ginger lei. Well, I wasn't jealous because my favorite flower is white ginger and not yellow. I continued through the alley. It was dark and the sharp stones hurt my feet. When I neared the bank of the stream I hurriedly walked over the ginger patch. I saw that Pua had picked most of the buds and all the blossoms. I was angrier at her. She always does things like this because we don't let her play at the stable with us. It's her own fault anyway. She is rich and goes to a private school and holds her nose up when she passes us. I walked a few feet to the right and investigated the black water that I saw in the thick heliconia blossoms. I must remember to ask Felipe about this.

Holding the stems of the vandas more securely, I skipped happily down to the bank of the stream. Stepping carefully over the wet and slippery mud, I put my right foot into the water. Burr, it's cold. Just like ice water. Ocean water is warm and I know why. It's because it has salt and plain stream water doesn't have anything salty to keep it warm. Then, my left foot found itself in the water. I had to stand still for a little while to have my feet get used to the water. Holding the orchids in one hand and my dress above the knees with the other, I crossed the stream slowly watching the rainbow fish swimming nearby. Bending over, I saw my face in the water looking up at me. I watched the fish swimming round my head, coming in and out from eyes and nose. I opened my mouth and I saw a fish swim into it. I released the vanda orchids and placed them where my eyes and nose and mouth and one ear were seen. There were those rings again. This time they were going around my legs. I wonder why they become rings and not squares?

And as I continued across the stream, I crawled over the bank and blazed a trail in the grass and other shrubbery that grew nearby. I stopped at a koa bush and picked some dry koa seeds that rattled like castanets, the brittle, dry brown pods. I jumped over the stone wall that separated the Vierra's backyard from the river bed. Mrs. Vierra was sitting under a plumeria tree sewing some beautiful white blossoms, milky sap dripping onto her red muumuu with yellow, white and purple flowers.

"Tae, how do you like this weather?" she greeted me. "Real Hawaiian day, eh? One minute rain and next minute sunshine. Here, put a plumeria in your hair. I'm making leis for the recital. Johanna's having a hula recital tonight. You coming?"

"No, Mrs. Vierra, I don't think I can go. The lei smells so good. I'm going to play with Sumichan. I have to go now, bye." As I hurried out from her yard I heard the bees making music, so, I trapped one in a red hibiscus and held it to my ear. The woozy sound frightened me. I threw the flower and stepped on it. The bee was dead, I knew, but I did not look.

I came to the jungle, crossed the ditch where the guava tree grew, reached for a fruit and gave it the fingernail test to see if it was ripe. Biting into the fruit, I was getting near the jungle house that we had built. I looked toward the "house" to see if Sumichan was there. She wasn't but the winds blowing through the trees caused the lights and shadows to play among the bamboo blades. It began to rain. I sat down on the soft and silky green leaves of the koa, which was our carpet, and began chanting, "Rain and sunshine go together, this is real Hawaiian weather." Some raindrops were big and others were tiny and delicate. I wonder why? Mother told me that whenever it rained, the gods were sad because somebody did something they shouldn't have done. Sumichan is a Catholic and she said that it rains because somebody in heaven is happy because

he got there and everybody is celebrating and when people celebrate something real happy, they cry. I think that's funny.

This house that Sumichan and I built is good. We thought that our house wouldn't leak but pretty soon I felt the rain on my back. But, I like it. I like this jungle, too. The koa, hibiscus and guava trees keep some of the rain out. It's so nice and quiet, too . . . and the birds are always here. I like the cardinal best. How happy he is. His song is beautiful. I can see the stable from here, too. It is old but our brother silo is shiny and tall. I know that Joe King, who is superintendent of the stable, doesn't know about our jungle—never comes down this far, even if it is the property of the stable.

I'll set the table while I'm waiting for Sumichan. On the breadfruit leaves that served as our dishes, I shredded red, pink and white hibiscus petals as our salad. I gathered some koa leaves and fixed them as our rice. The petals of the red ginger were arranged neatly on a light green breadfruit leaf as the meat. On another leaf, which had turned yellow with age, I shredded some weeds that resembled spinach. Although the eucalyptus seeds were not big, I gathered some and put them in a leaf that represented a fruit bowl. My, the table looks nice.

I wish Sumichan would hurry. She knows that we have many things to do. We still have to sneak up to the stable to feed the horses. Joe King will be working in the warehouse where he keeps his collection of glass eyes. I wonder how he puts his glass eye in? I wonder if it hurts? Maybe today he's going to change from blue to black to scare us? I think we should climb on the roof and peep in the crack. It's right over the workbench, too. Better tell Sumichan about it.

The sun is shining and through the bushes I could see her coming down the hill. I forgot I had the meal all ready for Sumichan so I called to her, "Let's go to the stable. Joe King will work in the warehouse all day."

Sumichan was excited. "Do you think that he is going to put in a different colored glass eye? Let's peep in through our secret crack in the roof. We have to be real quiet because if he catches us on stable property we'll have to go to jail. I hope the roof isn't too slippery."

We had to go through the canefield where it was safer. The sun was drying the leaves. The ground was damp in some places and dry in others. But, the irrigation ditches were muddy. It's such a nice feeling to play in the mud. I like it. Sometimes the mud looks like worms when it squishes up through your toes. I stopped for a minute to draw a design with my big toe. Sumichan was jumping up and down, pretending the mud was quicksand.

The winding ditch brought us to the outer pasture where the donkeys were playing. "Look at the way they're running after the brown one. They must be playing tag," whispered Sumichan. We didn't dare make any noise or Joe King would hear us. He's mean.

We crawled down low through the fence. The donkeys had finished

their game now. The brown one peered over the fence at us. A dirty, white spotted one looked toward the building. We thought we had seen Manuel, the stable hand. We both lay flat on the ground.

This was a real problem. How were we going to get on the roof of the warehouse? If we tried the tree, he'd hear us jump on the roof. And if we tried the fence Manuel would see us. We were worried. Sumichan told me to stay there while she went to see where the men were. I waited, holding my head in my hands. She was gone a long time. It shouldn't take her that long. Then, I saw her coming around the corner of the warehouse. Sumichan whispered, "They're behind the silo talking. Joe King's car is there and he is mad. He's mad about something; I sure won't want to bump into him now. He'll be meaner, then."

"We'd better go back to the jungle," I said. "Maybe we can come back tomorrow." I stood up quickly. We swished our skirts around and went over the same path. We ran toward our jungle house until we were safe. We looked back to see if anyone was following.

The sweet delicate white ginger threw us kisses. Leaving Sumichan's side I walked over to the emerald cluster of giant grass blades with their silky petals. "You know, white gingers are my favorite flowers. I don't like the way yellow ginger petals are—so thin and narrow. Not round, and white and soft and when we press the petals between our thumbs, we leave our fingerprints on the petals."

We both stepped into a puddle of water, our feet slushing in dirt. As I turned to Sumichan, pink and white blossoms from the ohai tree floated down in the water near our ankles. I stooped over and blew on the petals, pretending that I was a strong wind and the flower was a tiny ship. I laughed, picked it up, and plucked the petals. "You know, if I could be a flower, I'd like to be the blossom of the ohai tree and have the smell of gingers. I like ohai tree flowers because they're so much like fairies. The blossoms go back and forth as they sail to meet the shady ground. You can smell the gingers even after you've passed them."

Sumichan stood still for a while and thought. "I like the smell of gingers, too, but I would like to be a kulekule. The bright colors and the silky petals and everything make such pretty leis. I think I would like to be a kulekule lei with ginger smell."

During all this wishing, we were stooping under cane leaves, hopping over koa branches and trying to step on the dry spots. "I'll race you to the bottom of the hill!" Sumichan shouted as she flew over the gravelled road. We ran until we reached the jungle house where we found the dinner we had forgotten. We sat down and enjoyed the luau.

"Let's play natives now and go hunting for food." Sumichan said as she picked up the sticks that served as our weapons. We started out on the trails. We looked all places for wild animals. We came to the part of the jungle nearest the stable. There we saw a piece of cement on the ground covered with leaves and dead branches. "White man has been here before!" Sumichan shouted, waving the

stick above her head. As we searched quietly our pretending fell away. "Do you think this is Kamehameha's grave? You remember what the teacher told us . . . the Hawaiian people buried the royal family where nobody could find them. Do you think . . .?" I jumped up and down, excited.

"Look, there are some Hawaiian words. Cannot see them too clearly, though," Sumichan used the weapon to clear the spot.

"We found Kamehameha's grave! Yippee! We'd better tell the people at the Bishop Museum. They're college people so they know. And we'll be rich! I think they are called olog or ologist. Anyway it sounds something like diggerologist. They study for rocks and look for things like this."

In our excitement, we had raised our voices. Before we could say anything further we saw Joe King standing before us, but we didn't know who he was looking at. His eye looked a different color. Maybe he changed it today and it hurt him. Perhaps that was why he was so angry. We were scared. He had his hands on his hips and one was holding a whip. He growled, "What are you doing here? Don't you know you can't play on our property?"

"But, but . . ." Sumichan was stuttering. Two shiny dewdrops began finding themselves down over her pale cheeks.

I was so scared, I wanted to fall into Kamehameha's grave. "Look, look," I said, pointing to the grave. I swallowed hard. "Look, look. We found Kamehameha's grave. We're going to call the Bishop Museum for them to come down and dig up his bones. They pay people, you know, for bones of famous people."

He seemed not to believe us. Sumichan watched his whip as he told us that he knew all about that grave and that it belonged to him. And he told us to say nothing about it.

We looked at each other and as Joe King moved his hand that held the whip we turned and ran straight to Sumichan's house.

The Sea

By Jeanne Lapeyre

The beach is very restful; the place for meditation and deep thought; to clear one's mind and organize one's thoughts from the hustle and bustle of city life. Just to lie on the clean, warm sand watching sea gulls soar in the blue sky and listen to the lazy breakers lapping against the shore is a catharsis in itself.

After my mind has cleared of its problems and confusion, I sit up and take notice of what is going on around me; the sea is airy blue, in the sun's warm rays; the sand is gleaming white, powder puff clouds drift across the soft blue sky and balance on the horizon, I notice a sail boat, with its white sail billowing in the breeze. The effects of my meditation and new mental freedom stimulate me, give

me new energy and life. I want to run, jump, soar like the birds above me, be as free as the life in the sea. Running along the golden sand, I stretch out my arms to feel the salty ocean breeze, blowing against my bare feet and legs but as I become completely submerged, swimming out beyond the breakers, I feel no one can catch me, that I am no longer a child on the land but a carefree creature of the sea. Soon my body is tired and my new-found energy is expended and I swim slowly toward the shore, tossed to and fro by the breakers like a discarded bottle or beach ball returning to shore. Exhausted from my swim, I stand on the beach, the sun's hot rays beating down on me and watch the surfers waiting patiently for a wave. As a big one rolls in, they paddle frantically for a minute, then stand up, soaring like birds along the curl, teasing it, daring it to catch them. Watching all this, I think of God's power, the uncontrollable rays of the sun, the powerful breakers; we as man can only wonder and enjoy but never control.

After watching the surfers, I lie down on the soft warm sand and fall asleep. My dreams are light, airy and colorful as if they also have been affected by the carefree surroundings. I slowly awake, reluctant at first to open my eyes, resenting the intrusion of reality in my dream world but soon I am forced to accept reality for there is something crawling on my arm. Opening my eyes to investigate, I discover a small sand crab slowly making his way up my, to him, mountainous arm. He often stops and moves his feelers frantically making me think of radar controls of a ship in distress, and then as if he has computed his position, he continues on his way. Feeling sorry for him on his futile journey, I gently set him in the sand and watch him scurry away, wondering where he is going, if he has a family and what is going on in his mind. Perhaps he is wondering the same about me!

The sun is setting on the horizon and the breeze is chilling; gathering up my belongings I return to my beach dwelling. Later, while sitting before a warm fire, contemplating the day's happenings, I am at peace with the world and myself.

Not only on the beach have I enjoyed the ocean but during my travels aboard ships of different nations and on foreign waters. The sea is as different as the countries I visit. Even the colors are new and intriguing.

As New York's docks and skyline slip by in the warm afternoon light, the panorama of color before me is unique. The sky is grayish blue, dotted with fluffy clouds, the skyscraper's a dingy gray, with long black shadow arms reaching out, the long warehouses jutting into the still water are steel gray; moored black ships with brilliant colored flags and shiny white decks present a dazzling contrast. The greenish black water with oil particles, lies still, rippling only in the wake of a moving ship. Above all this, Her Majesty, the Statue of Liberty tall and proud, surveying her Kingdom, giving hope and life to all. Slowly we leave New York; the ship begins to roll as we

sail through blue frothy ground swells, our last indications of land until we reach Rotterdam.

The harbor is covered with a blanket of fog in the gray light of early morning. As we pass the breakwater, I hear the pilot boat purring in the distance, growing louder as it nears us. Soon I can make out the yellow glare of electric lights and hear the voices of the officers shouting orders. The pilot ascends the rope ladder dangling from the side of our ship. Watching the pilot reminds me of the tiny mouse, who rescued the huge, helpless lion. The blaring foghorn announces we are starting our slow journey through the sleeping harbor. The motor shudders and roars, then is quiet as we silently slip through the oily water. The fog is now lifting and I can distinguish the hulking outlines of ships berthed next to long gray warehouses. A Norwegian freighter passes by, and then an Indian tanker comes into view, with Bombay written in large white letters on her moist black side. Suddenly, I realize the damp, foggy air is chilling my pajama clad body. I close the port hole, run with bare feet across the fuzzy carpet and jump into my warm bed. With the odors of breakfast cooking and a hungry gnawing sensation in my stomach, I fall asleep. During my visit in Holland, I learned many things from the industrious Dutch people, whose lives have also been affected by the sea, for even to keep their country emerged, they must work endlessly to reclaim it. The well kept dykes are their only defense against the hungry water. My sojourn at the sea shore in Holland was a memorable experience, filled with both exciting and lazy days, long walks on the beach, collecting seashells, exploring tide pools, early morning swims and naps in the downy sand.

On our journey from Holland to tropical Africa the sea suddenly turns from a sleeping tiger into a howling clawing beast. Rocking to and fro, the ship shudders as it ploughs through the storm. The waves lash at the sides, curling over the decks. The wind howls, tearing the canvas coverings on the hatches. In the midst of nature's anger, I realize how insignificant man is. While saying my fervent and copious prayers, we pass through the storm and by morning have made our peace with God and are once again in calm waters.

As we advance southward, the water changes from deep indigo blue to the aqua blue of the tropical seas. Rainbow colored flying fish gleam briefly in the sunlight and schools of porpoise lazily play around the ship, seeming to invite us to join in their game.

Land Ho! One can almost hear the roar of jungle animals and the beating of native drums, for we are entering our first port on the dark continent of Africa, Monrovia. I am drawn out on deck by the lilting voice of an African peddler in his colorfully painted canoe. "Missy, you want buy my bananas? Fine, fine bananas, I give to you for small, small money, what say Missy?" In the distance, is the lush green jungle growing down to the sandy beach. As we berth, the dock is a kaleidoscope of color and confusion, with every one seeming to shout at once.

Beach life here is very different from life elsewhere. Fishing nets and native canoes line the coarse, sandy shore. The crashing breakers hide treacherous shark and barracuda; only a few blissful native children swim in the dangerous water.

We leave Africa with her mysterious jungles and charming people and begin our journey home. I spend every minute of daylight on deck for every minute brings us closer to shore. When I see the statue of liberty, I suddenly realize I am home and almost tremble with excitement and joy.

Looking back on all my experiences with the sea, I realize how much I have learned from it. I feel I am a richer person, not materially wise but rich with understanding and love for my fellow men. I shall never look on these happy days on the sea shore and aboard ship as something completely in the past but also as something of the future as there is still much to learn from the sea.

Transplanted

By Peggy Dwyer

She remembered how it had all started. That new pastor, Father Johnson! She never did think he had much sympathy for people her age! Imagine him telling Mom and Pa that Lake County High isn't the proper place for me. All my pals are goin' there! But I'm Catholic and have to be different. Boy! I can hear Father now.

"Mr. Richfield, you've got a fine daughter. She should have the best you can give her. Lake County High has good standards and all, but our Catholic youngsters need their faith engrained in them and high school age is really the crisis stage in their development. Won't you consider sending Jean to St. Theresa's Academy in San Francisco? It's only a hundred miles from here, and she could come back to the farm on weekends. With her intelligence she could easily obtain a scholarship, I am sure, which would help the financial part of it. Won't you think about it?"

Pa had thought about it and now it was time.

From the porch she looked out to the green fields surrounding the house. But gee, I don't know how I'll stand it—without the gang, and the Halloween Carnival and the Lake County High football games, and . . . and . . . It's just like death itself. I probably *will* die after I've been there a while. My heart will break and they will carry me back in procession regretting, knowing they did it.

"Jeannie, child, hurry on now into the house. Pa and your brother'll be back from feeding the stock any minute and anxious to get a move on. Land! Why, if we hadn't started packing you a week ago we'd nev Come on now, baby, take your bath.

You're not going to be having the Sisters prod you so everytime you need a bath, so come on now and hustle!"

"Chicken feathers! Who cares about what the Sisters want! If I want to be dirty, I'll be good and dirty. If they don't like me that way they can tell me to leave." The screen door cranked to a close.

"Eugenia Marie Richfield! Don't let me hear you talk like that again. Those Sisters are to be respected and obeyed. Not another word now!"

Jeannie slammed the bedroom door behind her, drowning her mother's voice. Mom sure seems anxious to get rid of me . . . Ugh. Look at that ole uniform! She looked at the freshly pressed jumper on the door. To think I'm supposed to wear navy blue for the next four years!

She stood in front of the mirror looking pathetically at herself. Her brown curls were tight and close to her head. You'd think the tighter my hair is the better they'll like me. Wait until four years from now—if I live that long—I'll come back to this room and look in this mirror and see an old woman. No freckles, no tan. Just wrinkles and glasses down my nose.

"Jeannie-e! I don't hear that water running. Your Pa's coming across the field just now. I'll be in to scrub you myself in a minute. . . ."

"Going, going, gone," she yelled as she scooted across the hall and switched the faucet on full pressure. "Higgily, piggily, my black hen." She hummed and stuck her foot in the tub shrieking as the water steamed up boiling her toes.

"Jeannie, what are you up to?"

" . . . He lays eggs for gentlemen—la-de-da—" The cold water eased the pain and she plopped into the tub pouring evergreen bubble bath at the same time. Lolling luxuriously in the suds she could see just a chunk of the sky from the window across. Sakes! It seems early to leave. Here we've got all day almost, just to go one hundred miles. Shucks! Pa is still probably tinkering outside. I don't see any rush.

The suds began to disappear, and Jeannie splashed her face and ears and jumped onto the wooly mat. Hey! I didn't see Manda on my bed. Bet Mom hid her thinking I'd forget her. Well, I've got to find her. I've had her since I was a baby. Even if she does look all beat up like Mom says, she's still going to go to that school with me. I don't care if the Sisters don't like her. My rag doll's going with me!

She trotted across the hall and absentmindedly slid the jumper on over her laciest blouse. Then down on her hands and knees she looked under the bed and in the closet corners. She pulled out the bottom drawer and there was Manda looking lopsidedly up at her. She plopped Manda on the bed and sat down before the mirror brushing out the tight curls. She heard Pa, then, stamping his shoes on the doormat and she went into the kitchen for a cookie to pass the time away.

Mom and her brother, Harvey, were outside packing her things into the car. Pa stepped inside blinking his eyes in the dark of the room. "That sun gets hotter 'stead of cooler each day. If we don't get started the car'll melt half away."

"Hmph! Wish it would."

"What'd you say, Jeannie, my girl? My! Isn't that uniform grand. You're a lucky gal if I do say so myself. Not often a Richfield gets to go to such a school as St. Theresa's Academy. Why my own Pa would have burst with pride to see his only granddaughter off to the Sisters' fine 'stablishment."

"I bet it's fine—fine to die young in."

"Honey, listen." Her father drew up the old rocker and beckoned to her to sit on the arm. "Don't think you'll be the only lonesome one. We all'll miss you just as much, but this is a fine opportunity for you. Your Mom and I wouldn't deny you such a chance for a fine education. Sure, you'll miss your pals, but think of all the grand times ahead and all the new friends you'll meet. . . ."

"Ah! Pa don't make me go. Lake County High is good enough for me. Lots of kids smarter'n me go there and come out fine. Please, Pa, please. . . . Who'll gather the eggs and who'll make chocolate cookies for you? Pa . . . please?" She buried her head on his shoulder and sobbed—thinking of what was to come, not caring.

"Come now, Jeannie." He patted her back awkwardly. "You're not our little grammar school gal anymore. You're getting to be a young lady and we want you to grow up fine and educated. Father Johnson has high regard for St. Theresa's and those folders he showed us sure convinced me those Sisters have a grand place there. And you'll be close to home, honey. Just wait, once you get there, you'll be so busy you won't want to come home. . . ."

"Oh, Pa, I will, I will. I'll always want to be with you and Mom and Harvey, always." Pa pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose loudly.

"Sure, honey, I know that and we'll always want you here with us, but there are times in life when there have to be partings and they always turn out for the best. Just wait and see."

She looked at her Pa. Golly, this all seems so sad and silly. They want me to go but now I'm going and Pa looks so sad and I'm terrible sad. Gee whiz!

Pa got up tipping the rocker and joggling Jeannie off the arm. "Come on now. Here I told your Mom I'd be right out after I got a splashing of water on my face to cool off. She'll have that car packed all herself and be fagged. Pick up all your odds and ends and hurry out, Jeannie, and we'll be on our way."

Pa ambled out the door. She could hear her mother fussing over the boxes and bags.

"Hey, Sis." Her brother called. "Mom wants those other boxes out here."

. . . . and Harvey, what will he do without my good advice on his garden and his baseball?

In the bedroom she gathered up the small boxes and Manda and some new comics Harvey bought especially for her trip with the money he was saving for a catcher's mitt. At the screen door she paused looking at her family bustling about the car. "Here, Mom." She stepped out onto the porch and down the three steps, lifelessly handing her mother the boxes and hugging Manda under the comic books.

"Jeannie! You have that doll! I swear . . . oh! what's it matter. Guess it won't scare the Sisters that much, huh? Hop in the car. I'll run in and get my purse and we'll be on our way."

Jeannie tossed Manda and the books in and slid across the seat; she grabbed the top comic and started reading. She read hard. Harvey got in, then Pa and Mom. The motor started. Jeannie kept reading—*Wonder Woman*. How childish! She grabbed another book—*Tom and Jerry*, they're usually a scream. She kept up her pretense of reading intently, for a while. "My, Harvey!" She threw down the book. "You could've got good books when you got 'em. These are really dumb."

She looked out the window glad to see they were at least five miles from the ranch. The sun was hotter than she'd ever known it to be. She rolled her window down all the way and reached over Harvey to roll his down. The comic he was reading scattered onto the floor.

"Ah! lay off, Jeannie. Pa should dump you off at school and forget you. You're so mean and ornery today."

"Harvey! Imagine! talking about your only sister like that. Can't you get long this last time you'll be seeing each other for awhile?"

"Mom, I think it's going to be mighty quiet 'round the place these next weeks. No pole cats teasing each other. What d' you think, Jeannie?"

"Sure, Pa, sure."

"Hey, Pa, look at that stallion across the field there. Man! he looks better'n that one in the movies."

Jeannie, following Harvey's gaze, looked out and saw him; he was a beauty. Wish I could hop on him and ride and ride at least 'til the end of September. "Hmph! Old Hank, the mule's got more life than him I'd say."

"Wimmen, what do you know?"

"Yeah, son, he looks pretty sharp to me, too. My Pa promised me a horse like that when I was a boy but poor Pa had a tight pull in his last years. . . ."

"There's a station. Let's stop and get a cool drink. What do you say, kids?"

"That sounds great, Mom."

The car hummed to a stop and the family got out and stretched. Jeannie drank her soda in a gulp and got back into the car watching Pa and Mom and Harvey leisurely drink the icy pop. That Harvey

thinks he's so smart hinting for a horse so dumb like and buying these old books. She pushed them off the seat onto the car floor. He'll be sorry when I'm not around. He'll have to do all the odd jobs Mom gave me, then he'll wish I were there to do 'em.

"Whatsa' matter, child, don't you feel good? Land! we're over half way to the school. Hope you're not getting sick from this heat."

"No, no, Mom. I'm O.K. Just felt like sitting down again."

"She's all right, Pa. Let's get going now. C'mon, Harvey."

Harvey toppled in over Jeannie's feet. Giving him a scornful look she raised her voice. "Mom, who's going to do my chores now?"

"Hadn't even gave it a thought, child. I suppose Harvey could be doing a little more now that he's almost twelve and since they've got to get done. What do you think, Pa?"

"This will take some thought, Mom. Can't let the boy work too hard can we, Jeannie?"

"No, Pa, no. I didn't mean. . . . Well . . . I just thought he shouldn't get too much extra work 'cause it wouldn't be fair."

"What do you think about it, son?"

"Oh! I think Jean's right, Pa. I'm not too big yet and I'd hate to have my growth stunted."

"That's a good point, son." Mom chuckled and looked at Pa.

The roads widened and the traffic got thicker as they drove into the suburbs of the city.

"Won't be long now, Jeannie, and you'll be stepping into a new life. Excited, child?"

Jeannie hung her head swallowing hard. "Uh, huh, Mom, sure."

"Remember now to write minute you get settled and if you forgot anything let me know and if you get hungry write and I'll send you a big gingerbread cake. And blankets . . . you phone us—collect—if you need them and we'll get 'em to you in a hurry and be sure if you get sick someone phones us right away. . . ."

"Sakes, Ma, calm down. Don't start foreseeing all sorts of such things. Jean's old enough to know what to do if she needs us or anything. Should be only a mile or so more to the Academy now. There's Greenwood; school's on Arthur Avenue which runs parallel. . . . McKinley . . . Banning . . . Arthur should be next . . . Here it is! Down about half a block Father Johnson said. Yes! My! look at that lawn! Goes all around the place."

Jeannie looked disinterestedly out the window and then gasped at such splendor. Why it looks like . . . like an old castle almost. Father had said it was an old estate turned into a school but she had expected a morbid old vine-covered place. Why! it's gorgeous! . . . enormous trees and hedges, the long curved driveway, and the white marble mansion glistened above it all.

"Harvey, just look. Isn't it beautiful, the most wonderful thing you've ever seen in your whole life? It's just glorious. . . ."

"Lands, Pa! Are you sure this is the right place? It looks so expensive and . . . all."

"There's the sign, Ma, St. Theresa's Academy." He edged the car to a stop before the flight of marble steps.

"C'mon, Jeannie, let's you and I go to the door and see about your room."

Jeannie hopped eagerly out of the car and strode proudly up the steps with Pa. Pa nodded to her to press the bell. Pressing it she heard a delicate chime echo throughout the interior of the Academy. Hearing no one move about inside she moved to press the bell again, when the door was opened by a young sister in a black habit.

"Yes?"

"Mam . . . er . . . Sister, my name is Harold Richfield and this here . . . er . . . this is my daughter, Jean . . . Eugenia Marie Richfield. She's enrolled here for the term and . . . uh."

"Yes, Mr. Richfield and Eugenia Marie. We have been expecting you. I am Sister Mary Margaret, the Dean of the Resident Students. If you would like to bring Eugenia's luggage in, I will show you to her room. Your roommate is here already, Eugenia, and anxious to meet you. Please invite the others in, if they would like to see the Academy."

Pa hurried with Jeannie down the steps. He opened the trunk and Harvey and Mom got out to help carry things.

"Mom, that's Sister Mary Margaret, Dean of something or other: she's going to take us to my room and Mom, my roommate's here already. Imagine!"

"There! I think we've got everything now."

Pa followed the quartet up the steps where Sister was waiting. She led them silently through the still hallway and up the marble staircase, two floors. She knocked on a door and it was opened by . . . by such a friendly-faced girl.

"Here's your roommate, Eugenia . . . Monica Ross from Washington. Monica, this is Eugenia Richfield."

Golly! She looks like loads of fun! "Hi, just call me Jeannie, please."

With everyone helping, the luggage and boxes got stacked into the room and Jeannie went down that glorious stairway with her family to tell them good-bye.

Out on the driveway Harvey swallowed twice, hard, and said a short, "Bye, Jean."

"Remember now, honey, all I told you and eat lots and get lots of sleep . . . and . . ."

"I will, Mom, don't worry."

"Well . . . bye, honey. Don't give the Sisters a bad time now, and write us a little note sometimes . . ."

"I will, Pa, I will."

The three got into the car. Jeannie waved vigorously at them as the car started down the long drive and then her hand dropped to her eyes. Monica came out behind her to wave, too.

"Oh! Manda! She's in the car. Oh . . . Manda . . ."

"What's that, Jeannie? What's wrong?"

"It's . . . it's my doll . . . Ever since I was only a baby . . . in the car . . . I left her . . . I . . ."

"Your mother said to call if you needed something badly. Why don't you call tonight and ask them to send her?"

"Oh, that's a grand idea, Monica. Oh, that's fine! I'll do it right after dinner 'cause I have to have her."

"Let's go unpack now, Jeannie. You know I never thought California was so beautiful. . . ."

* * *

Eating dinner, Jeannie chatted incessantly, almost incoherently, as she was exhausted—unpacking, meeting so many wonderful people. My! girls from Hollywood even and girls from ranches just close to hers and . . . and the Sisters were so friendly and nice.

"Gosh! I thought I'd be sorta scared around the Sisters, you know, not ever being near 'em before, but they're sure nice so far, huh, Monica?"

"Gee, yeah! Great!" Monica gulped the last spoonful of pudding. "Let's go call your folks now."

"Oh . . . that's right."

* * *

"Mom, is that you? This is Jeannie. No, I don't want to come home. No, I love it. Oh! we had the best meal and the kids are great and the Sisters, too, and I'm all unpacked. Everybody helped. You know there's a girl from Hollywood here. Imagine! Yes! Tell Harvey there's a girl's got a horse like we saw today. She said I could ride it out at her place some day soon. What? Oh, hi, Pa. Yeh, I'm sure. . . ."

At that moment Monica ran up and opened the phone booth door. "Hey, Jeannie, come on down to the rec room. Hurry! There's going to be a movie."

"Oh! there's a movie, Pa. I gotta go. . . . Yeh, I'll write. Bye."

"Comin', Jeannie? Oh . . . did you get them? Are they going to send it, huh?"

"Send it? Manda! I forgot all about her. Oh! she'd probably scare the Sisters half to death anyway she's so old and ragged."

THE NEAR EAST

In view of the tense situation created by conflicting cultures and claims of the peoples of the Near East, a study of their countries may be of interest. In this issue we present Greece and Syria.

Greece

By Giannina Baroni

Geography:

A maritime kingdom occupying the southern part of the Balkan peninsula and including about 500 nearby islands, of which Crete is the largest. The shores of the mainland are bold, rocky, and deeply indented. The Gulf of Aegina, stretching inland from the east, is connected by a canal with the Gulf of Corinth, which is an inland continuation of the Gulf of Patras on the west coast. The resulting peninsula, called the Peloponnese in ancient times, is now known as Morea. The total area of the country is about 50,269 square miles. About four-fifths of the surface on the mainland is crumpled by a complex system of mountains, which divides it into a number of small plains. The chief range, running north and south, is called the Pindus. The highest peak is Mount Olympus, in northern Greece, which has an altitude of 9794 feet. Mount Parnassus, celebrated in literature as the home of the Muses, is 8070 feet high. The progressive deforestation which has taken place in Greece is believed to have made this country drier than it formerly was. The climate is otherwise marked by intensity of heat in the summer and occasionally by severe cold in the winter.

Industry:

Agriculture, though practicable on only one-fifth of the country's surface and though carried on by primitive methods, is nevertheless the leading industry of the country. The chief crops are olives, wheat, grapes, corn, currants, figs, tobacco, oranges, lemons, barley, and oats. Other industries are the raising of sheep and of goats. Lignite, magnesite, iron, salt, lead, emery, and zinc are mined. The Greeks are a commercial people. Along with the manufacture of textiles, leather, and soap, ship-building ranks high among the industries.

History:

The history of Greece is the story of a group of tiny states which grew up as independent units and resisted to the end any plan of federation among themselves. Consequently, Greece never became a military power which could present a united front to the world, and her greatness did not lie in the field of political organization. Yet, despite the serious menace of the foreign invaders and devastat-

ing wars between the states themselves, these states maintained their independence long enough to produce works of literature, philosophy, art, and architecture, which have been the priceless heritage of later civilizations.

Greece was occupied by the Hellenes, an Indo-European people, at some time after 2000 B.C. They came as undeveloped tribes in search of homes, and immediately demolished an earlier civilization which had flourished in the prehistoric period, established themselves as masters of the entire peninsula, and made it their home henceforth; while the earlier occupants were entirely driven out or annihilated. The Hellenic people comprised different groups, who may be supposed to have swept down into the peninsula in successive waves. These groups were closely related to one another; but showed different characteristics. The Hellenes, thus established in a permanent home, began immediately to display the vigor and aggressiveness of a virile race. They soon spread over the neighboring islands of the Aegean, and then passed over these as by stepping-stones to the western coast of Asia Minor and to Crete. The sea was their highway and they became essentially a seafaring people. They developed a vigorous commerce and were ultimately competing for the markets of the Mediterranean with the Phoenicians, whose powerful colony, Carthage, was dominant for a time in the West.

Colonization:

There followed a period of colonization which cannot be defined as to its beginning, but it was over by the end of the 6th century B.C. The colonies were founded as private enterprises by groups who were led to leave their native homes, sometimes through dissatisfaction with political conditions, sometimes through lack of land, or by economic distress; these were not in the first instance commercial enterprises. The colonies thus established became independent units, but each maintained a close association with the mother state, reproducing its polity in a foreign land. A few of the important colonies were: Byzantium, Naucratis, Cyrene, Syracuse, and Croton. These and many other colonies were important trading centers for Greek commerce.

Division and Unity:

The segregation of the Greeks into tiny political units was brought about, first and chiefly, by the character of the people themselves and secondly, by the nature of the country in which they settled. The Greek was by instinct strongly individualistic, thoroughly devoted to the interests of his family and immediate community, but inclined to be jealous and suspicious of those not so closely connected with him, even though they might be Greeks like himself. He was also ready to defend his own views, with prolonged argument if necessary, and unwilling to let any other

man do his thinking for him. The land of Greece, on the other hand, with its endless succession of mountains and narrow valleys, each with a limited area of arable land made isolation natural and easy, and strongly encouraged the formation of small units which came to have a sense of independence and self-sufficiency.

The City-State:

The political unit throughout Greece was the *polis*, or city-state, an independent organization composed usually of the inhabitants of a single small town. Occasionally, a town associated neighboring villages with itself in a small federation; this was done by Athens with the country villages of Attica, and by Sparta with those of Laconia. The population of these city-states was astonishingly small, and this characteristic remained one of the determining factors in Greek political development. The typical city-state of early times was ruled by a king, and this was doubtless the only form of government known in Greece during several centuries, after the tribal organization was outgrown and before the time when the record of Greek history commenced, about the 8th century B.C.

At this time we find a state of political unrest prevalent throughout the land, for the reigning families were being taken over by small groups of nobles, or by individuals who succeeded for a time in getting sufficient support to maintain their supremacy; in the former case the government came to be called an oligarchy; in the latter, a tyranny. Many of the tyrants were men of real ability and proved to be excellent rulers. Tyrannus at first signified chief ruler, with no other connotation.

The spirit of political unrest, however, did not always lead to violence. In some states men of conspicuous wisdom and integrity were designated to draw up and codify a new system of laws. Such a service was rendered by Draco, and later by Solon, at Athens, and by Pittacus at Mytilene. This, of course, implies that writing was by this time in common use throughout Greece. The alphabet had been adopted from the Phoenicians at some time after 1000 B.C.

Government in Athens:

The fortune of the city-state of Athens may be considered typical of what was taking place throughout Greece prior to the end of the 6th century B.C. The early Athenian monarchy was gradually transformed into an aristocracy, which finally gave place to a pure democracy. This was accomplished as follows: First, the king's power was curtailed by the introduction of two new magistrates, the polemarch and the archon, elected by the people. Later, the kingship became elective, and six new magistrates were added, making "nine archons." Meanwhile, unfavorable economic conditions were causing distress among the common people. The introduction of money to replace the old system of barter produced serious disturbance in the economic development of Athens, as it did in all

Greece. The first coinage is said to have come into the Greek world from the wealthy kingdom of Lydia, in Asia Minor, in the 7th century B.C. This and other causes brought about a situation which demanded a remedy, and Draco was appointed an extraordinary legislator and commissioned to draw up a new code of laws. This he did in 621 B.C., but the penalties imposed by his laws for wrongdoing were so severe that it was found difficult to use his code; in later time an Athenian orator said that Draco's laws were written in blood, and not in ink. About thirty years later Solon perfected the work of Draco. By his political reforms he erected the framework of the Athenian democracy, making the people the sovereign power of the state, with complete control over all their executives and giving all free men some degree of rights as citizens.

Religion:

The Greek had been wrestling also with the problems of life as expressed in his religion. The old anthropomorphic gods of Homer, whose writings were to the Greeks almost sacred, were little better than humans and had ceased to fulfill the ideal of an awakening age. A more spiritual interpretation of godhead than that found in Homer was coming to be adopted by thoughtful men. Yet the outward form of the old polytheistic religion remained, with its temples, its priests, and its ritual worship. A widespread yearning for immortality is evidenced by the prominence of societies which gave promise of this boon to mortals. The Eleusinian Mysteries a kind of Passion Play of the sorrows of Demeter, were open to all, even the humblest. Here great numbers found comfort in the hope of salvation and purification from the sins of the world. There was also the Orphic Sect, of widespread influence, and, in southern Italy, settled by Greeks, Pythagoras had founded his brotherhood.

On the other hand, many had been turning to seek a rationalistic explanation of the universe, as a protest against the mysticisms of such bodies as the Orphic Sect. This movement grew up in Ionia in Asia Minor, and it was here, that curiosity enquired about the nature of the material composition of the world, and progressing very slowly at first, a succession of serious and able men prepared the way for the great achievement of Greek philosophy, in the 5th and the 4th century B.C. Thales, the pioneer of this movement, proposed that water is the primary element of all things, because all things contain moisture. Anaxagoras rose to the height of explaining the cosmos as the influence of a Divine Mind, on matter.

At present, the majority of Greece's people profess the Greek Catholic faith, either orthodox or uniate (schismatic, or acknowledging papal headship).

Architecture

The development of the column and lintel principle among the historic Greeks was gradual, although constant, for at least two

centuries. It was effected by two tribes of opposing qualities, whose concurrence produced the most happy results, not alone in architecture, but in sculpture and in the drama as well, with the work and influence of each tribe distinct and parallel in the three arts. From the second quarter of the 8th century, the Olympic games called together at stated, not infrequent, intervals, the male population of the Greek world. The earliest of Greek temples were of wood, for which stone was substituted when the tools of the builders had become more accurate. The Parthenon, the Erutheum and Temple of Nike are examples.

Modern Greece:

Greece was merged in the eastern Byzantine Empire when the Roman world was divided, and, after the fall of Constantinople in 1453, it became a part of the Turkish empire. From the 4th century B.C. until 1821, when the Greeks rose in revolt against the Turkish power, they were at no time a free people. During the 18th century an intellectual revival had taken place in Greece, and this had aroused national pride and brought about a restoration of the Greek language. The revival of the national consciousness of Greece had stirred the interest of enlightened people in all the nations of the West. Lord Byron was one of many who joined the Greeks and gave his life for the cause. England, France, and Russia finally intervened; by the treaty of Adrianople in 1829 Greek independence was acknowledged by Turkey, and guaranteed by the three powers. In 1833 Otto of Bavaria became king of the new Christian state of Greece.

Otto was deposed in 1862; in the next year a brother of the Danish king succeeded him as George I. England strengthened his hands by ceding the Ionian islands in 1868. In the same year a new constitution established a legislature, the Boule, elected by universal suffrage. In 1881 Greece gained Thessaly, but lost a part by the Turkish war of 1897. Greece participated in the Balkan wars, and made substantial gains including Crete. King George was assassinated in March 1913.

After the world war in 1941 Greece was conquered by the Germans and suffered until liberated by the British in 1944. Internal dissension followed. King George II was recalled by popular vote in 1946, but revolts broke out in northern Greece, promoted by the leftist party, and supported, so the government asserted, by the communist regimes in Albania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria. Economically, Greece was on the verge of collapse, when in February 1947, Great Britain announced that she must withdraw her support. Greece appealed to the United States. In reply President Truman recommended to Congress the grant of 250 million dollars for her assistance. George II died in April, 1947, and was succeeded by his brother, Paul I.

Syria

By Sister Mary of St. Celine, S.G.S.

Located in Western Asia, the independent republic of Syria is bordered by the Mediterranean Sea on the west, Turkey on the North, Irak on the east and Trans-Jordan and Palestine on the south. It emerged after World War I as a mandate under the French, with an area of about 80,000 square miles, and a population of 3,000,000. Broken up into several physical regions Syria has, through the years, become the home of groups differing in race, religion or culture.

Looking back through the ages, archeology has discovered rude stone monuments and other pre-historic remains which indicate that Syria was inhabited from an extremely early period. Many nationalities have fought and settled within its borders, but the majority of the people belong to the Semitic stock. In the early period of development the Aramaeans established themselves, absorbing the earlier population; though powerfully influenced by Graeco-Roman civilization, as a people they still retained their native tongue.

The political formation and relation are not well known. Each town with its surrounding district seems to have formed a small separate state, with the conduct of government in the hands of noble families.

During the 16th century B.C. North Syria fell under the Cappadocian Hatti domination, while South Syria was known to Sargon of Akkad. This period is called the Canaanite period which continued until about 1000 B.C. when it passed into the Aramaean. It was during this period that Syria became the meeting place of Egyptian and Babylonian elements. Industry attained a high degree of development. The main products being richly embroidered garments, glass and pastes.

The Syrian religion during this early period honored a "lord" and "lady." Each tribe, each place had its own deities. Human sacrifices were not uncommon.

The later period of her ancient history witnessed the foundation of numerous Greek cities which were of great importance for Syria. The Graeco-Syrian civilization extended far, and would have absorbed the Hebrews but for the Maccabean revival which prevented this.

As Syria's development advanced, the country was conquered for the Romans by Pompey, and became one of the most important provinces in the Roman empire. The high degree of Syrian civilization is attested to by the architectural remains.

In A.D. 616 Syria was conquered for a brief period by the Persian Chosroes II. The following years saw it subjugated by the Mohammedans. Syria then suffered from invasions by the Mongols, after which it never fully recovered its former prosperity.

During the Middle Ages the country was important as an intermediary of trade between Europe and the East, but this was later impaired by the opening of the Red Sea route, and abolished by the Suez Canal.

Eliminating many years of Syria's history for present purposes, and arriving in the modern time of 1908 there is found a nationalistic movement which was given impetus by the Turkish revolution. This movement grew rapidly among the intellectuals and army officers. It was preceded by a cultural rebirth and modernization of Arab literature. The Arab people of Syria demanded certain political rights, but these were moderate. During World War I agitation based upon national rights grew. After the war Syria, by the Treaty of Versailles came under France's influence.

In 1925 a revolution broke out. This began with a local revolt, led by the Sultan Pasha. A revolutionary government was established. The struggle lasted for many months. The French tried negotiation and for the first time promised Syrian independence. Various changes took place in the administration of the country. Elections were announced and a thoroughly democratic constitution adopted. It provided for a legislature elected for four years and a president elected for five years. Compulsory education for both sexes, unusual in an Arab nation, was provided. Syria adopted the Arab national flag as a state flag.

During World War II Syria was occupied by French troops of the Vichy government. The British liberated and then pressed the Free-French to grant Syrian independence. This was done and Syria became a sovereign state.

In 1942 the population of the country stood at 2,800,000, 70% of whom are Moslems. The people are mainly of Semitic origin and speak Arabic. In political relations Syria is closely allied to the little country of Lebanon. There are 2,654 elementary schools, with about 279,598 students, 155 technical schools and three universities with schools of medicine. Syrian life is dominated by its cities. The urban life is entirely distinct from the rural, where old customs are still prevalent.

Today Syria stands, as an Arab nation, leaning in sympathy toward the east, with a pro-communist government in power. What passes within her borders, if followed by other Arab nations, could mean peace or war in the conflicting factions of the Near East.

